



Murder, She Proclaimed

**thriller**

41 3 4

Chapter 1 by Marshall Cavalli

I remembered well what had happened that day and night. She was a lovely girl. Tall, 16, beautiful as a sunset and sunrise. But, one day, she just died. I couldn't quite explain it, it just... happened. Little, insignificant changes happened to her. She didn't talk to me, respond to me, talk to me. Then it grew, she started hiding things she did behind my back. Poisoned my coffee, writing death threats, and quoted strange Shakespeare quotes from MacBeth. It then happened. I woke up and then, shit hit the fan. I was scared, she brandished a clever and threatened to kill me. I ran for my life. I was scared shitless. Literally. Then I called the cops before she cut the wire. They came and arrested her. I don't know why this had to be, but it did. I guess. I don't know what she was thinking that night. Still, it brings me back to that night. It is worse than any nightmare, in a horror film. It was my wife.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I tell my therapist another version of this story a rough three or so times per meeting, give or take. I can't help it. This incident is now such a core part of my personality that skirting around it seems to do very good. And of course, he does the same thing every time - repeat what I'm

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Chapter 3 by FELIPONCIO



I have only one friend to console in. Jason. The problem is, he's on 15 and I'm turning 43. Sucks to be old. But he is the only one who understands me.
He probably knows me better than I know myself. Weird.

I've called him and texted him and he hasn't called back nor replied to my message. But I know he's read it. He's Jason. Jason is not me nor you nor the cute barista at Starbucks. He's Jason.

Jason Wilson. Home schooled and with way too much time on his hands.
Always ahead of the race.
Reads minds.
My best and only friend.

You could say that's nice, but it's not. Why? He knows something I don't. Something important.
Jason Wilson.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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